



When You Think

Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them freedom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Resident, Buffalo, N. Y.

When at home, read at once about women's diseases, and how to cure only, and he will send you stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing Common Sense Medical Advice, a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated In handsome cloth-bound, revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. Binding, 31 stamps.



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W. F. KYLE,

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The Secret of Youth

Do you ever wonder how you can remain young, or why other women older than you, look younger than you do? The secret can be put in a few words: "Preserve your health, and you will preserve your youth."

By "health" we mean not alone physical health, but nerve health, as, sometimes, magnificently strong-looking women are nervous wrecks.

But whether you are weak physically or nervously, you need a tonic, and the best tonic for you is Cardui.

It builds strength for the physical and nervous systems. It helps put flesh on your bones and vitality into your nerves.

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

"My mother," writes Mrs. Z. L. Adcock, of Smithville, Tenn., "is 44 years old and is passing through the change of life."

"She was irregular and bloated and suffered terribly. My father stepped over to the store and got her a bottle of Cardui, which she took according to directions and now she is up, able to do her housework and says she feels like a new woman." Try Cardui in your own case.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free.

CEYLON MENUS.

The Way Natives Wrestle With the English Language.

A writer in the *Epitome* tells of several menus with which he was confronted when traveling in Ceylon. The menu, he says, is an indispensable adjunct to a respectable luncheon or dinner table in Ceylon. As a rule, the head servant writes it out and from his elementary knowledge of English as "she" is wrote" springs a host of quaint blunders. At the same time his fertile oriental brain is ever apt to add footnotes, which are perhaps his happiest achievement.

At one lunch there figured among the dishes "roast beef," but it caused the hostess some consternation when she discovered the additional legend in very small letters, "roast beef, smelling a little," the parenthetical note being meant to intimate that the dish was accompanied by a sauce of savory odors.

On another occasion, there appeared this following acknowledgment of deficiency: "Steak and kidney pie: a kidney."

It was altogether delightful, continues the writer, to find at one dinner our old friend Welsh rubblish appearing as "Welsh rubblish." The genius translated harvest mutton as "hurrygod mutton." Our own boy adds, on the occasion of a hastily prepared dinner, was unable to accomplish a dessert. Consequently the word "plates" at the end of the menu.

A COSTLY TRIFLE.

It Brought Bankruptcy to an English Iron King.

It was a common penny postage stamp that brought Hobart, the great British "iron king," to his ruin. At the time of the Whitworth period, when there was a big crisis in the iron trade, he had agents in all parts of the world who kept him posted. Sometimes they telegraphed news to him in cipher, but those in England were easily always instructed to write. At that period his principal agent, who was also his chief partner, was in Sheffield and wrote him from there warning him to sell out all iron interests for the time on account of the Whitworth crisis.

Hobart had frequent fits of irritability, and he had been receiving a lot of unstamped letters of no importance on which he had to pay double postage. One morning in anger he gave orders that such letters were to be returned to the postman. The very first unstamped letter received after this was from his partner. It was rejected as soon as it arrived.

Consequently, knowing nothing of the existence of the letter or the all important private news it contained, Hobart pledged himself next day for more iron deals than even his wily credit was good for. The great drop in prices came two days later, and Hobart, once a millionaire, was involved in a hopeless bankruptcy from which he never recovered. — London Telegraph.

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PLENTY OF ROOM.

No Trouble to Find a Place for Him to Rest in Sleep.

His blanket the soldier takes along on the march, but usually not his tent. Usage soon makes the ground as soft as a bed as he wants. The case is pretty nearly the same with the prospector and the frontiersman. In writing of the "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast" Mr. Clifton Johnson tells of the practice on the ranches of the west. He was the guest of an early settler.

While we were chatting a laborer passed, shouldering a roll of blankets. The butcher had come to the door, and he pointed to the passer and said: "You see that fellow, don't you? Well, when I first reached here from the east I thought a man with a bed on his back was the funniest thing I'd ever come across."

"A rancher in this country won't take his hired man into his house. They've got to furnish their own blankets and usually sleep on the hay in the barn."

"I know a fellow who, when he'd just arrived and didn't understand the way they manage, got a job harvesting on a big wheat ranch. The help usually sleep in the straw stacks then, and it's precious little time they get to sleep anywhere. But he didn't know anything about that, and he was sitting around in the evening and finally said to the rancher, 'Where am I to sleep tonight?'"

"Why, I don't care where you sleep," said the rancher. "I've got 960 acres of land around here, and if you can't find a place to sleep on that I'll get my next neighbor to lend me a piece of his."

TOWER OF BABEL.

Traditions as to the Height of the Famous Structure.

The actual height at which the last stone of that famous structure, the tower of Babel, rested cannot be ascertained, but the remotest of the times at which it is said to have existed, ever become more than a matter of mere conjecture. Herodotus, who lived about 1,700 years after that "great spiral way to heaven" is said to have been attempted, says that he saw at Babylon a structure consisting of eight towers raised one above another, each seventy-five feet in height, but whether this rule was the remains of the tower of Babel it was even then impossible to ascertain. Herodotus, usually minutely exact in his writing, leaves us in ignorance as to how the upper level of each of these seventy-five foot towers was reached from the level below.

As might be expected, even in tradition, a wide difference of opinion exists as to the height of the tower. Most orientalists maintain that God did not put a stop to the work until the tower had reached a height of 10,000 fathoms, or about twelve miles. In Ceylonese tradition it is said to have been as high as 20,000 elephants, each standing one above the other. St. Jerome asserts on the authority of persons who had examined the ruins that it did not reach a height exceeding four miles. Other statements are still more extravagant. — London Saturday Review.

Happy Events.

A teacher in one of the public schools of Vienna in order to test the ability of her junior class girls eight to nine years old in composition writing gave each little miss a subject to be discussed "at once without consultation and without help of any kind." The articles were found to be so interesting and amusing that they have been collected for publication. One article on "My Three Happiest Days" is notable in the unique collection. In well chosen words and clearly rounded sentences the little girl says that, being lost in the woods, having to run away from a fire which broke out in their house and watching a little boat as the wind tossed it on the waves and finally smashed it, were the most "happy events" that she could think of. Another in describing "fairies" said that it must be a place where "everything is as it is here except that the lakes should be frozen half across at all times of the year so that we could take a swim and jump out and skate."

James I. and Billiards.

James I. appears to have inherited his mother's love of billiards. Among the payments from his privy purse noted in the exchequer records is one to "Henry Waller, our joyner, for a billiard board. Twelve foot long and four foot wide, the frame being wainwright, well wrought and carved, with eight great screws and eighteen small screws." A salutary billiard rule in force in the days of the Stuarts was one to the effect that no bystander, even though he was betting on the game, should be allowed to offer advice unless asked. If he did so it was provided that "he shall for every fault instantly forfeit twopenny for the good of the company or not be suffered to stay in the room." — London Chronicle.

His Early Home Coming.

"Does your husband carry a latch-key, Mrs. Homebody?"
"No, I never knew him to."
"Oh, then he comes in early! That must be due to your training!"
"Not in the least. There is always some one up when he gets home in the morning." — Chicago Record-Herald.

Answering Little Eddie.

Little Eddie—Say, pa, do political enemies belong to different parties? Pa—No, my son; they belong to different factions in the same party.—Exchange.

It is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best.—Lytton.

RACING PIGEONS.

Their Wonderful Speed and Mysterious Homing Instinct.

Racing pigeons are the fleetest of all creatures. They have maintained a speed of a mile and a half a minute for a hundred miles, according to a writer in *Collier's*, and they have flown 700 miles between the ring and the setting of the sun.

Pigeons have flown a thousand miles back to the home loft. In 1904 a bird covered that distance in 5 days 2 hours 15 minutes, proving how unerring is the mysterious homing instinct that will drive pigeons across the continent without swerving. But this test is not true sport. The birds simply hurl themselves against time and space till they are played out. They can never race again.

The racer rises into the air with heavy, slow wing pulsations; then, once poised over the starting point, there is a swifter, shorter beat, and the time is "hit up" to the third and permanent wing rhythm, rapid and steady as a pulse beat, which carries it home.

Racers fly 300 feet high over land, but low over water. Their enemies as they fly are wind, rain, gunners and hawks. They do all their flying between sunrise and sunset. If caught out over night they fend for themselves till dawn.

The homing instinct is infallible. During the Franco-Russian war the Germans caught a homing pigeon which was on its way into beleaguered Paris. The bird was kept prisoner for ten years. It was then released. It immediately returned to its old home.

How Good News Spreads

"I am 70 years old and travel most of the time," writes B. F. Tolson, of Elizabethtown, Ky. "Everywhere I go I recommend Electric Bitters, because I owe my excellent health and vitality to them. They affect a cure every time." They never fail to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, invigorate the nerves and purify the blood. They work wonders for weak, run-down men and women, restoring strength, vigor and health that's a daily joy. Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction is positively guaranteed by K H Trimble.

Pillsbury's Wonderful Memory.

Harry N. Pillsbury, the chess player, offered one day in South Bethlehem, Pa., to memorize thirty words, no matter how hard they might be, the selections to be read him only once.

Professor Merriam of Lehigh university and Dr. Throckmold-Edwards of Bethlehem picked out most of the following words: Anthracite, peristome, inkblot, streptococcus, staphylococcus, micrococcus, phosmium, Cincinnati, athletics, no war, Eichenberg, American, Russia, philosopher, Piet-Peters-Rost, Salmagundi, Oom-sillecoots, Bangnamrat, Schoelcher's Nek, Manzanyma, theosophy, catechism, Madjesoomsopa.

Mr. Pillsbury immediately repeated these words in the order given and in the reverse order.

A Cockney.

Minshen, a dictionary maker of London, in 1617 issued a work which gave the following amusing account of the origin of the word "cockney": "A cockney, or cockney, applied only to one born within the sound of the bells—that is, within the city of London—whence the term came first out of the following tale:

"A citizen's son, riding with his father out of London into the country and being a novice and merely ignorant of how to ride, he heard a horse neigh what he took for a horse. His father answered: 'The horse doth neigh.' Riding further, he heard a cock crow and said: 'Doth the cock neigh too?' And therefore thus: Cockney—i. e., raw or unripe in country-mens affairs."

Italian Brigandage in 1848.

One summer evening in the crowded theater an impatient house demanded the drawing of the curtain preliminary to the first act. When at last it was upraised 11 Passatore and his armed band occupied the stage, with muskets aimed at the frightened audience. The chief stated that he should levy a tax per head, which he then and there collected. The gang made off with their booty unmolested. — Lady Presturch's "Essays."

Depressed.

"I am afraid Billigins has met with reverse."
"What makes you think so?"
"He goes about with a gloomy look, saying there is no such a thing as disinterested friendship. That is almost a sure sign that a man has been trying to borrow money." — Exchange.

SAVED A SOLDIER'S LIFE

Facing death from shot and shell in the civil war was more agreeable to J. A. Stone, of Kemp, Tex., than facing it from what doctors said was consumption. "I contracted a stubborn cold," he writes, "that developed a cough, that stuck to me in spite of all remedies for weeks. My weight ran down to 130 pounds. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. I now weigh 178 pounds." For coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, hemorrhage, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough and lung trouble, its supreme. 50, 1.00 Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by K. H. Trimble.

HARD WORK.

Sam's Desperate Effort at Composing a Love Letter.

To one old southern negro in New York the difficulties of letter composition seemed well nigh insurmountable. The old fellow, as a writer in the *Atlanta Constitution* relates, asked his "boss," Colonel Yerger, to write a letter for him to his sweetheart.

"All right, Sam, I'll do it," agreed the colonel.

"Has yer got de paper and de ink and de pen ready, sah?"

"Yes, Sam, Go ahead."

"Write Thompson street, New York."

"All right."

"Has yer got hit written?"

"Yes."

"All ob hit?"

"Certainly."

"What has yer got written? Read it to me, boss."

"Thompson street, New York."

"Dat's right. Now write May de fourteen."

"Yes."

"Has yer got hit down, boss, already?"

"Yes."

"G'way, boss, you're jokin'! Read it to me."

"May 14."

"Mah goodness! You has got hit down all right. Now, boss, read hit all over from de berry beginning."

"Thompson street, New York, May 14."

"Dat's right. Whew! Say, boss, let's res' awhile; I's tired. My head aches like hit was gwineer split."

HE REFORMED.

A Flash of Lightning Made Him See His Evil Ways.

A group of men sitting on the dry goods boxes in front of a country store were discussing big storms.

"There's no use in talking," remarked one of them. "We are all badly scared in a thunderstorm."

"I remember one time when I was, sure enough," said another. "It was about a year after I was married, and I was on my way home from town. It began to thunder and lighten when I was about halfway there, and the rain fell in sheets. I stopped under a big tree. I knew that wasn't safe, but I thought I'd risk it."

"In a few minutes the lightning struck a tree about a hundred feet away, and I fell down, either from the shock or from fright. I don't know which to this day. But I got up again, and my hair rose on end when I remembered that I had a plug of tobacco in my pocket."

"What had that to do with it?"

"Nothing but this: My wife didn't know I chewed tobacco. She hated the weed like poison. 'What if I had been killed and that plug of tobacco found in my pocket?' I thought, I think I had the worst fright right then that I ever had in my life."

"Well?"

"Well, before the next flash came I took that plug out of my pocket and threw it as far as I could send it, and I have never chewed tobacco since."

Didn't Teach Him That Trick.

"That's a werry knowing animal o' yours," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant.

"Verry," was the cool rejoinder.

"He performs strange tricks and hanties, does he?" inquired the cockney, eying the animal through his glass.

"Surprisin'!" retorted the keeper. "We've learned him to put money in that box you see up there. Try him with half a crown."

"The cockney handed the elephant half a crown, and, sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach."

"Well, that is verry extraordinary—hastounishin', truly!" said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now let's see him take it out and 'and it back.'"

"We never learned him that trick," retorted the keeper and then turned away to stir up the monkeys and punch the hyenas. — London Tit-Bits.

Rearranging the Basis.

"You are charging me \$7 a week for board and lodging, Mrs. Irons," said the gray haired person of the name of Harris. "May I ask how you would itemize it? What part of it is for board?"

"Five dollars," replied the landlady.

"And \$2 for my room?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you don't mind, Mrs. Irons," he said, proceeding to square up for another week, "we'll consider hereafter that I'm paying you \$5 for lodging and \$2 for board. It will seem more as if I were getting the worth of my money." — Chicago Tribune.

The Fortune Tellers.

Lady—Poor man! So you are just out of jail? Tramp—Yes, mum. I was a victim of fortune tellers ten years ago. Lady—Indeed? Tramp—Yes, mum. The district attorney told me where I'd ever been and what I'd ever done during my whole life, and the judge predicted where I would be for the next ten years. — Puck.

A Paragon.

"What reason have you for thinking that he's a perfect gentleman?"

"He must be. I had dinner at his house, and neither his wife nor daughter corrected him once." — Detroit Free Press.

IF YOU ARE A TRIFLE SENSITIVE

About the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by wearing Allen's Foot-Powder, the anti-sweat powder, into them. Just the thing for Dancing Parties, Patent Leather Shoes, and for Breaking in New Shoes. When rubbers or overboots become necessary and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Powder gives instant relief. Sold Everywhere. 25c. Sample FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Don't accept any substitutes.

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EPHRAIM WIMER.

The subject of this sketch was born in Pendleton county, West Virginia, in 1834, and died in Crab-bottom February 26, 1910.

He received his education in the "old field" schools of his day.

The early years of his young manhood he spent in teaching and working at the carpenter trade.

When the civil war began he enlisted in the volunteer forces at Hightown, Highland county, Va., and served until the close of the conflict. Soon after enlisting he was made second lieutenant of Company I, 62 regiment of Virginia, and held that position until the battle of Williamsport, in which Lieutenant Calhoun was killed. Lieut. Wimer was then promoted to first lieutenant, serving in this capacity until the close of the war.

He was a brave and fearless soldier, loved and respected by his comrades in arms. He was twice dangerously wounded, first at New Market and again at Fisher's Hill, where he was left over night on the field of battle, supposed to be dead. He was picked up, however, the next day by the Federals and taken to the officer's hospital in Baltimore, where he finally recovered. As soon as he was able he returned home and engaged as clerk in the store of George Fraley, at Crabbottom Mills. This position he held until 1868, when he bought the business owned by Mr. Fraley and launched upon the long and successful business career in which he was engaged at the time of his death.

In 1868 he married Ellen Harold. To them were born six children, four sons and two daughters, one of whom died in infancy. Messrs. A. Lee, Kemp, Emory, Frank C. and the widow survive.

Mr. Wimer was converted at a campmeeting held on the old camp ground in Crabbottom, in 1880, and at once joined the M. E. church South, taking an active part in all church work, being especially interested in the Sunday School, in which he held the position of teacher of the Bible class for a number of years. Later he connected himself with the United Brethren church.

At the time of his demise he held the position of Bible teacher in Mt. Zion Sunday-school, United Brethren church, in which work he took the greatest interest and keenest delight.

Mr. Wimer was a devout Christian, an earnest and consistent member of the church, a constant student of the Bible, and a man full of faith and hope.

He was an interesting conversationalist, a man of positive opinions, and whose every act was what he believed to be right. He endeavored to make principle the chart and compass of his life.

A good man has gone to his reward. A FRIEND.

OLD LETTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE.

In an unlighted and cobwebbed corner under the roof of the House of Representatives, covered with dust, yellow and falling to pieces from age, were discovered last week a large number of letters and documents of the early days of the republic. These papers are of the greatest historic value. Among them are letters from Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Jay, Monroe and many others.

One of the letters is from Martha Washington, widow of George Washington, and dated 1779. It was a reply to a wish expressed by Congress, that General Washington's body might be buried at the national capital. The letter is in the stately style of those days.

COUNTY HISTORY.

The History of Pendleton County to be ready in April has about 450 pages, strong binding, good paper, clear type, map and 12 illustrations. Number of copies limited. Interested persons living outside of Pendleton should order early. Price very reasonable. Descriptive leaflet sent on request. The book is a detailed history of the county from the arrival of the first settler to the present time, and also a history of the pioneer families, giving their nationality, place of settlement, date of arrival, so far as such facts are known. A list of the descendants, generation by generation, is also given. A special chapter takes up the pioneers of the portion of Highland once in Pendleton. The book has an appendix of varied and interesting information.

Address, Pendleton History, Franklin, W. Va.

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